The Awakening

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Summary: A fanfiction based on my new save file on Fire Emblem: Awakening, including just about everything my characters go through, put into story form!

Chapter 1: The Awakening

The hall was dark, illuminated only by the glow of magical, pulsing energy. Two men were locked in a fierce one-on-one battle, one of the combatants expertly slashing with his sword, the other deflecting every blow with magic in the form of eerie blue-violet lightning. The tall, bony mage knocked the swordsman away, and in a moment had raised an arm and then disappeared.

"Up there!" the raven-haired fighter shouted to a hooded figure in the corner, in whose palm flickered a ball of golden energy. With his sword, he pointed to the vaulted ceiling, where the mage could be seen. Though he appeared very small to the pair, a thin smile visibly curved over his skeletal face. Behind him, more blue-purple flames sparked, abruptly erupting into a powerful blow that knocked the hooded mage into the ground. A large golden symbol appeared, a triangle and some smaller circles within a larger circle, evidently the mark of some deadly magic the man planned to use, but the other mage directed a blast of golden energy at the symbol, and it was destroyed.

"You fool!" spat the dark mage, seeming to dissolve as the mark did. Warily drawing his sword, the other man had mere moments to glance around before he was assaulted by another bolt of lightning. As the smoke cleared, he struggled, trying to use his sword to lift himself up, clearly injured and exhausted.

The dark mage, meanwhile, stood tall in the front of the room, his arm raised to summon more magic. His robs swirled around him, looking no worse for wear than when he'd begun to fight. The ball of energy above his outstretched palm grew, crackling with electricity, until he finally snarled, "Die!" and unleashed the powerful magic on the already-weakened swordsman.

From the shadowy corner of the hall ran the hooded figure, countering the other mage's ball of energy with another golden one. The spectacular clash of energy caused a blinding white flash to light up the entire hall.

When the light faded, the tall, thin mage could be seen glaring at the hooded figure, frightening red eyes narrowed. Though his expression was unmistakably sinister, there was a hint of a chilling smile there, as if he knew something the other two did not.

"This is it, our final battle! You're one of us, and no destiny can change that. Now let's kill this blackguard and be done with it." The swordsman and the hooded mage had been able to regroup on the opposite side of the hall. Across from them, the dark mage waited, almost patiently. The other mage, a young woman, had let her hood fall after the initial confrontation, revealing light brown hair tied up in a long ponytail, with the surprisingly feminine touch of a small braid woven in. She and her companion discussed their strategy, taking advantage of the time they had.

"We have to get closer. Let's move," he whispered, his tone low and urgent. "Almost within range…"

"Why do you resist?" the villain chuckled as the two advanced on him. The two attacked, she using the light magic known as Thoron, he using his sword.

"Grima's Truth…" she muttered to herself as they fought, naming the dark magic that their opponent was using.

"Fools! Struggle all you want! You cannot unwrite what is already written."

With a final slash, he was felled. "What?!" he coughed. "This isn't over! Curse you both!" He used one hand to send a last bolt of magic at them before his body vaporized. The swordsman had not seen it coming, and was almost ready to celebrate. His gaze turned to confusion when with one hand, the woman pushed him out of the way.

Everything went black. Opening her eyes, she saw her partner bending over her, concerned. His relief at seeing her conscious was evident. "Thanks to you, we carried the day. We can rest easy now. At long last…" He smiled, his deep blue gaze soft. She didn't respond, almost as if she was in a daze.

"What's wrong?" His tone suddenly changed to alarm. "Hey, hang on-"

His eyes went wide, a myriad of emotions flickering in them: pain, shock, disbelief, sadness, hurt… He staggered back, clutching his side, and revealing his wound and the glowing reddish energy that had pierced his abdomen. She looked to her palm, red flashes of magic still sparking around it.

"This is not your-" he gasped out, "your fault. Promise me… you'll escape from this place… Please, go…" He opened his mouth as if to say more, but collapsed, his eyes blank, gazing off into space.